

VALENTINE'S DAY.

BY G. H. JERROLD.

Lillian looked into my face to-day,
Dimpling and blushing and laughing;
"What did you send me this note for, pray?
Candidly own you were chaffing me."
Two little cupid's wings were on mine;
Heart with a bodkin run through it;
Love birds, all so sweet and things—
"Sincerely, why did you do it?"

Fibbing was useless: "St. Valentine's speed!"
And I admitted the letter:
"Valentine! A pretty reason indeed:
I could have furnished you better."
Who is St. Valentine? Why should this day?
Asked she, her sunny eyes shaking—
"Fill the roses full in this way
With little paper lovebirds."

"Valentine's Day," I essayed to reply,
"Is a day of superstition and folly;
Beyond the day when I can not see why
Little birds change their condition.
Thimbles and blackbirds, and blossoms and larks,
Who on that day, say the silly—
"Not with very paper like a human spark."
"I'm very certain," said Lily.

"Well, dear, on that point I will not gossamer;
Let us make love as true birds do;
They write no letters, but woo in this way:
Woo in dumb show, without words, too."

"Stop, sir! you misunderstand. I believe
It is on purpose you miss me;
What I have said never meant the least
That you have taken to kiss me."

Bless thee, St. Valentine, thanks for the hint;
Shakes shall be built in thine honor;
Soft blue eyes downcast, and blushing cheeks stint,
Told me the truth—I had won her.
Miracles move in the weary world still;
Summer is but a playing season;
Valentine hath made, and Valentine will
Make winter orange trees blossom.

MISS OLNEY'S VALENTINE.

BY SIMILITUDE FORBES.

"A beautiful morning," Miss Olney thought, as she carried her bird cage to the window and threw open the shutters to let in the full flood of light. Across the way a fresh young voice was singing. Little Miss Olney paused to listen, and a dreamy smile curved her lips, and as she tended her flowers, pausing now and then to inhale their fragrance, a sigh escaped her lips. Old memories were stirring her heart as she went about her work, to-day, for this sunshiny 14th of February seemed so like another in the long ago.

Long? Yes, the time was long counted by years; and yet, as memory went back, it seemed as but yesterday. She was only sixteen then—"sweet sixteen" Jack Brown called her—and they often called her a "little flirt" in those days. "Did she deserve the name?" she wondered; and then she fell to criticizing her own conduct and thinking over those old days. Ah! memory was "bitter sweet," as it so often is, and as she thought of her conduct to Jack on that never-to-be forgotten night, a sort of self pity stirred her heart—pity for the young self that was no more. No, it was not the same "Lida" that, loving Jack with all her heart, was yet bound to torment and tease him, just to show her power over him and see how well he loved her. She had never meant to hurt him—never, and when on that night, at the Valentine party, she had looked at him, she had felt that she was bound to torment and tease him, just to show her power over him and see how well he loved her. She had never meant to hurt him—never, and when on that night, at the Valentine party, she had looked at him, she had felt that she was bound to torment and tease him, just to show her power over him and see how well he loved her.

But Jack did not come the next day, nor the next day after that. And then she heard he had gone away. Gone away without seeing her! It was dreadful—but alas, it was true, and Lida Olney never forgot it. Then she resolved she would learn his address and would write to him; but before she could carry her plans into execution a terrible shock came to her. Jack was married! And, following close upon the news, Jack sent her a note, telling her of the fact, she had already heard, and enclosing her letters, requested her to send back his own. Grieving was useless; but Miss Olney could not help grieving; and as she sent back his letters and all the dear little souvenirs of their love, she felt as if her life was hardly worth living.

But, though her own life and Jack's rash haste had marred the lives of both, Miss Olney grew into a nobler, better woman for the sorrow she had endured. Doing "with all her might" every duty her hands found to do, living a life of quiet usefulness, she found herself at thirty, if not positively happy, at least content. An old maid they called her now, but little she cared as she went quiet and true. She lived in rented rooms, where she had no friends, but for the spirit of change did not often visit the quiet little village of Loraine, and the quiet old couple who owned and occupied part of the dwelling were her dearest friends. The modest and old her door proclaimed her a dressmaker, but it was hardly needed for everyone miles around knew "little Miss Olney" well.

To day her landlord and his wife were away, and her assistants off on their holiday. She, too, was keeping holiday at home, sitting with a book for this one day, and letting memory bring back the "face of her Douglas, tender and true," "Poor Jack!" Only dust and ashes now; and yet he never seemed dead to her. How the tears would steal down as she thought of his blighted life; his early death. Ah, if she only knew how he died, this "young hero of ours." He had proposed to and married his wife all in one day—married in mad haste and "repented at leisure," though no human soul ever heard from his manly lips either complaint or regret. He bore the consequence of his mad folly with a heroism which was a part of his nature. Mattie Barnes, the girl he had married, had literally "jumped at the chance" when he offered marriage, and consented without much hesitation to an immediate marriage. Not because she loved him—oh, no; that never entered into her calculations. Their acquaintance was slight, but she was sure he could give her a home, and she was a dependent on relatives, and twenty-five years old. She had been taught to believe that to be an "old maid" was the worst and last disgrace a woman could endure. She was not very attractive and this was her first offer. She accepted and Jack was not hindered in his plan of turning Lida Olney into a dressmaker.

There are few if any plants that are more valuable for soiling in the spring than rye. It grows very rapidly, and on a good, rich soil, will furnish a large amount of the very best of food. It often happens that grain, such as corn and oats, sell high in the spring and farmers can not always afford to buy. A patch of rye will often take the place of the greater portion of the grain, not only for the stock but also for the family. Teams will do a good day's work if they can have one good feed of grain and then a good supply of green rye cut and fed to them. Rye sown in the fall of course is better for this purpose than spring rye, yet if you have neglected to sow a good patch in the fall and you have any idea that the grain supply will be short for feeding, it will pay to prepare a small patch and sow. Of course, as a quick, strong growth is very desirable, it will pay to select good rich ground for the purpose. Prepare the land by thoroughly plowing, then harrow and sow broadcast, harrowing in well, so as to leave the soil in good condition; or the drill can be used after thoroughly preparing the land. About one and a half bushels to the acre will be about the right quantity to sow. You can commence cutting off and feeding as soon as the rye gets high enough, and if you are reasonably careful not to tramp down too much it will sprout up and make a new growth.

There are many kinds of stock that can be benefited considerably by the addition of a little supply of rye cut and fed green. Stock that are something green and the pastures often will not furnish a sufficient supply. Then again it is not always convenient to have all the stock run in the pastures. A good patch of rye will often furnish them a good supply of green food with very little trouble and expense. It is much better, as well as more economical, to have a supply of grain cut and fed to the working teams and keep them out in the pastures at night than to turn them out to the pastures at night and be forced to go after them from the dew early in the morning. For milk cows or

the loving hearts at home, he was reported "dead." Dead, and then the wall of an unbroken silence. Lida mourned with a bit of tenderness of anguish that found no relief save in hard work and caring for other stricken hearts. Alas! there were plenty to care for in those sad days. Mrs. Brown mourned loudly, and wore the deepest mourning—for six months. Then she was married again—widowhood was so "lonely."

But her last choice was a very bad one. Whether she had married him for fancied love, or what had influenced her, no one could tell; but he, the new husband, was a drunkard, and after some years of misery, it was woman who was once Jack Brown's wife was laid to rest—a few months later.

That was all of the past that Miss Olney reviewed to day, as she sat in her lonely room, but on how it filled her heart! It had been so bright in the morning, grew overcast as the afternoon wore on, and a night snow and sleet filled the air. Miss Olney lighted her lamp, but did not close the shutters. Better let her light shine out, she thought; it might cheer some lonely passer-by, and guide them on their way.

So she set out her supper, with "snowy damask" and dainty china and the silver that had been in the family for more than a generation. It was her choicest treasure. Her only inherited wealth, and as she laid out the knife and fork beside her plate, and placed the other pieces to her satisfaction, she stood back to note the effect, as she often did, and then she sighed to think no one was with her to sympathize with her in any of her feelings.

Just then she was rather startled by a heavy rap at the door. "Only some neighbor," she thought, as she stepped to admit the applicant.

The wind blew in with its attendant sleet and snow, and the stranger at the threshold stepped in with a neither waiting for an invitation. A gentleman, by his dress, but Miss Olney, though not given to fear, felt a sudden chill as she saw that he was a stranger. He might be a robber, despite his gentlemanly guise, and her silver, her precious silver. How imprudent to set it out before her unshuttered windows.

The stranger did not wait for her to speak; he was shaking as if with an ague chill. "Excuse me, madam," he said, in a voice tremulous and hoarse, "I believe I am chilled through. If you'll allow me—"

But before the words were fairly spoken Miss Olney had drawn her own easy chair to the fire, and the stranger dropped into it, evidently entirely exhausted. Lida forgot her fears in compassion for the stranger, and when his trembling fingers tried in vain to unloose his muffler she offered her assistance in tones she found trembled, too.

The next moment she fairly blushed at her act as she cleared off his wrappings, looked up at her. The pale face, with the mustache and the ringed with gray, and the eyes! He looked, but said no word; his lips worked as if he fain would speak, but no sound came. Only the tears welled up and fell over the pallid cheek. Lida stood mute, transfixed by that look. "What does it mean?" she said at last in an awe-struck whisper.

He on the stranger stretched forth his hand. He had no strength for further gesture, his agitation was so extreme. "Lida," he said, "don't you know me? don't you know Jack?"

Was the world receding from her? Had the grave given up its dead? She felt no fear, even in the first moment. Spirit or mortal, it was Jack. But for a few moments he seemed so real to her, and then, with a whisper, "Jack," he clasped him close—only for a moment though, for she must look at him.

"Is it really you, Jack?" she said at last. "Are you sure it is you?" "Yes," he answered, with a laugh that, if it had been a woman's, would have been hysterical. "But I thought you were dead, Jack."

"And you were sorry?" "Such a look as she gave him. "How can you ask that? But tell me how it was." And then he told her of the long oblivion, from which he woke to find himself reported as dead. The terrible prison life had driven him mad. He was taken and cared for by good Samaritans, for three long years, and then when he was himself again, he found that every one supposed him dead. "And," he said, "knowing my wife had remarried and my other friends given me up, I thought it best not to break the silence. But hearing, long ago, that she was dead, I could no longer resist the longing to find out if I was entirely forgotten. I arrived here but a little while ago, and found on inquiry that you were still Miss Olney, and lived alone—or, at least, had an establishment of your own."

"Ah, Jack, do you know what day it is?" "You are my Valentine, sir." "Andacious, wasn't it, for little Miss Olney to so forget the proprieties? The old people in the other part of the house came home; but whether it was hours or minutes after Jack came, neither of the "young" people could have told.

And so the wonderful news of Jack's return became an old story in Loraine, and Mrs. Brown, once little Miss Olney, tells her children the story of her "Valentine."

swine that are nursing young a supply of green food will be found a decided advantage to add in keeping them in good, thrifty condition. N. J. SUGARMAN.

Scours in Calves.
(Country Gentleman.)

I have been interested in a remedy for scours in calves. Having had serious difficulty with this disease last spring, I was given the benefit of my experience. The calves were invariably taken when from twenty-four to thirty-six hours of age, and lived from one to three days. The cows (thirty-five in number) were fed nothing but hay and meal, and seemed perfectly healthy, as were the calves up to the time referred to. From the herd we lost twenty calves after using many different remedies, each and every calf that was taken died. I then received a healthy calf as soon as born to an adjoining farm, away from all contact with other calves. This did not prove successful, but still believed the disease contagious, and removed the cow before calving to another farm, twenty rods distant. I found this to be preventive, saving every calf when the cow was removed before the birth. To be more thoroughly convinced of the contagious character of the disease, I removed two calves immediately after birth, that were born in the infected buildings; both had the scours and died. I have never seen or heard of a similar case in this section, I can not believe it is the common disease called scours.

A recipe for crullers: Two coffeepots of sugar, one of sweet milk, the eggs a half, a tablespoonful of butter, three teaspoonfuls of baking powder, mixed with six cups of flour, half a nutmeg and a teaspoonful of cinnamon. Beat the eggs, butter and sugar together, add milk, spices and flour; put another cup of flour on the kneading board and pour the dough out upon it, and knead until you can roll it out to a quarter of an inch in thickness, cut this into squares, making three or four incisions in each square; drop into hot lard and fry to your doughnuts.

A Bad Omen.
We should be heedful of warnings. Nature gives us such. Inactivity of the kidneys and bladder is an omen of danger. The diseases which attack these organs are among the most fatal and obstinate, and are usually preceded by the above symptoms of growing weakness. The best invigorant under such circumstances is Hostetter's Stomach Bitters, a safe as well as a powerful remedy, and proper degree of energy is imparted to the operations of these important secreting and discharging glands, without overstimulation, by the Bitters. In that respect, as in others, it surpasses and is preferable to diuretics which overact. The article is also a remedy for and preventive of chills and fever and bilious remittent fever, and malarial ailments, dyspepsia, debility and nervousness. Don't delay if you experience the well-known symptoms of any of these ailments, but use the Bitters at once.

The consumption of sugar in the United States is at present about 1,000,000 tons; our imports are 900,000 tons, ten times the amount of our production. Should our population and consumption increase in the future as in the past, in fifteen years this country would consume annually 4,000,000 tons of sugar, an amount equal to the production of the whole world at the present time.

The Egyptian question is bothering the heads of the European statesmen, and the newspapers are full of the discussion. It would take columns of the newspapers to hold all the testimonies to the value of Mibler's Herb Bitters, the great cure for dyspepsia, kidney and liver diseases, cholera morbus, cramp, colic, dysentery, diarrhoea and impurities of the blood. Three doses cured the little child of Henry Fisher, of Duncannon, Pa., of a severe case of diarrhoea.

James W. Lockhart, of Lake George, recommends buying hens in April for eggs and chickens. But tell me how it was. And then he told her of the long oblivion, from which he woke to find himself reported as dead. The terrible prison life had driven him mad. He was taken and cared for by good Samaritans, for three long years, and then when he was himself again, he found that every one supposed him dead. "And," he said, "knowing my wife had remarried and my other friends given me up, I thought it best not to break the silence. But hearing, long ago, that she was dead, I could no longer resist the longing to find out if I was entirely forgotten. I arrived here but a little while ago, and found on inquiry that you were still Miss Olney, and lived alone—or, at least, had an establishment of your own."

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Rye for Spring Feeding.
(Missouri Republican.)

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swine that are nursing young a supply of green food will be found a decided advantage to add in keeping them in good, thrifty condition. N. J. SUGARMAN.

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For the Cure of all diseases of Horses, Cattle, Sheep, PIGS, DOGS, &c.

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1885 FOR THE YEAR 1885

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TO INDIANA DEMOCRATS: Since leaving our last annual prospectus you have achieved a glorious victory in your state and state materially in transferring the National Government once more into Democratic hands. Your triumph has been so complete as your faithfulness through twenty-four years has been.

In the late campaign, as in former ones, the Democrats have been out in the front. We stood shoulder to shoulder, as brothers, in the conflict; we now ask your hand for the coming year in our celebration of the victory.

Our columns that were vigorous with fight when the fight was on will now, since the contest is over, be devoted to the work of peace. With the enlarged patronage the Sentinel will be better enabled than ever to give an

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It shall be fully the equal in general information of any paper in the land, while in its reports on Indiana affairs it will have no equal. It is

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COPY OF STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE UNITED STATES BRANCH OF THE FIRE INSURANCE ASSOCIATION, (LIMITED), OF LONDON, ENGLAND.

On the 31st Day of December, 1884.

Located at Nos. 10 and 12 William Street, New York City. Jos. H. Wellman, Manager. Home Office: London, England.

The Amount of its Capital is.....\$1,500,000 00

The Amount of its Capital paid up is.....\$300,000 00

THE ASSETS OF THE COMPANY IN THE U. S. ARE AS FOLLOWS:

Cash on hand and in the hands of agents or other persons.....\$ 31,000 00

Bonds owned by the Company, bearing interest at the rate of — per cent., secured as follows, market value:

United States Registered Bonds.....470,700 00

United States Registered Bonds.....250,000 00

United States Legal Tenders.....200,000 00

Georgia Bonds.....27,800 00

United States Bonds.....300 00

Debits otherwise secured.....2,175 00

Debits for premiums.....92,000 00

Total Assets.....\$ 1,012,800 00

LIABILITIES IN THE U. S.

Losses adjusted and not due.....\$ 71,581 81

Losses unadjusted and not due.....25,000 00

Losses in suspense, waiting for further proof.....14,201 18

All other claims against the Company.....34,000 00

Amount necessary to reimburse outstanding risks.....445,210 25

Total Liabilities.....\$ 570,000 00

STATE OF INDIANA, OFFICE OF AUDITOR OF STATE.

I, the undersigned, Auditor of State of the State of Indiana, hereby certify that the above is a correct copy of the statement of the condition of the above mentioned Company, on the 31st day of December, 1884, as shown by the original statement, and that the said original statement is now on file in this office.

In testimony whereof, I hereunto subscribe my name and affix my official seal this 21st day of February, 1885.

JAMES H. RICE, Auditor of State.

COPY OF STATEMENT OF THE CONDITION OF THE PROVIDENT LIFE AND TRUST COMPANY OF PHILADELPHIA.

On 31st Day of Twelfth Month, 1884.

Located at No. 109 Chestnut Street, in the City of Philadelphia.

The Amount of its Capital is.....\$ 1,000,000 00

The Amount of its Capital paid up is.....\$ 1,000,000 00

THE ASSETS OF THE COMPANY ARE AS FOLLOWS:

Cash on hand.....\$ 17,600 00

Real estate unencumbered.....\$ 582,000 00

Bonds owned by the Company, bearing interest at the rate of — per cent., secured as follows—Market value:

United States Registered Bonds.....\$ 3,350,000 00

United States Registered Bonds.....\$ 1,125,000 00

United States Legal Tenders.....\$ 1,125,000 00

Loans on collateral security.....\$ 63,110 00

Premiums notes secured by policies.....\$ 45,475 00

Debits otherwise secured and uncollected.....\$ 45,475 00

Accrued interest.....\$ 75,000 00

Total Assets.....\$ 9,127,575 00

LIABILITIES.

Losses adjusted and due.....\$ 2,500 00

Losses unadjusted and not due.....\$ 25,000 00

All other claims against the Company.....\$ 10,872 63

Amount necessary to reimburse outstanding risks.....\$ 7,127,502 00

Total Liabilities.....\$ 7,172,875 00

STATE OF INDIANA, OFFICE OF AUDITOR OF STATE.

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